



The Mercury Hawkers in Mourning.

E L E G Y

On the much Lamented Death of

Edward Jones, the famous *Gazette* Printer of the *Savoy*;

Who departed this Life at his House at Kensington, on Saturday the 16th Day of February, 1702. in the 54 Year of his Age.

A Sift ye *Muses* (all in number) Nine,
And lend your Aid to this frail Pen of mine:
Not lofty Lines, but humble Strains infuse,
While I relate the sudden fatal Newes:
Great *Jones*; is Dead, we had it by Express,
Which brings us Grief and Sorrow to excess,
That famous Printer, whose renowned Name,
Will still survive, with never Dying Fame,
In ev'ry Corner of this Nation round,
The Name of *Jones* did other News confound;
The *London Post*, with *Flying Men or Boys*,
Compar'd to his, were only Shams and Toys,
When they related dismal News from far,
By his *Express* we gain'd by Foreign War,
In former Reigns, when Fortune prov'd so Cross,
His kind *Express*, made up our fatal Loss;
When other Printers dreadful News did tell,
The *Savoy Paper* made all things go well,
Nay, so obliging was he, or'e and or'e
He told us News we knew a *Month* before,
In every Alley Lane and spacious Street,
His Name declar'd success by Land and Fleet:
Tho *B——d* and some others did devise,
To set his Name to many hundred Lies;
And consequently him did much Abuse,
Yet still more famous was great *Jones's* Newes,
Great Numbers of poor People have been Fed,
And daily by his News have earn'd their Bread:
Old *Bennet* from mean Fortune did advance,
To Wealth and Plenty by the smiles of chance;
Brave News he cry'd, what e'er came by the Post,
How many Thousand Men the *French* had lost:
I need not tell you how he rais'd his Fame
Because it was by Famous *Jones's* Name.
There's *Ward* and *Sawyer* with their new Express,
Confirm'd by *Jones*; had mighty good Success,
There's *Kempton* too, when Bloody News came o're
With pleasant Voice his Name aloud did roar,

This was the Aim, and only Consequence,
By which he daily gather'd up the Pence;
And *Robert Sheers*, who gift of Runing had,
At this dull Newes became extreamly sad;
Besides swift *Tuffin*, *Cummins* and the rest,
For this great Loss, their Sorrow have exprest;
There's many others of the Female throng,
As can't be Nam'd in this my mournful Song;
Whose Greif exceeds the bounds of common Woe,
And Tears in showers from their Eyes do flow:
How will the Nation be amaz'd to hear
Another Name Proclaimed in their Ear:
No News but *Jones's*, will be counted true,
Nor Foreign Actions Credited by few,
All Printed News, will be esteem'd but shams
And pass for Nothing, but invented flams;
The very *Gazette* hardly now will pass,
To be the Paper which before it was,
For by his Death such Changes will ensue.
As mortal Hawkers seldom ever knew;
Let Printers Mourn for they can do no less,
Since *Jones* has Printed now his last Express.

The E P I T A P H.

Here Lies a Printer Famous in his Time,
Whose Life by Linger'g Sickn's did Decline:
He Liv'd in Credit, and in Peace he Dy'd,
And often had the Chance of Fortune Try'd;
Whose Smiles by various Methods did Promote
Him to the Favour of the *Senates* Vote:
And so became by National consent,
The only Printer for the Parliament;
Thus by degrees, (so Prosperous was his Fate,)
He left his Heirs, a very good Estate.